

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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FRANK AND HARRY.

THE OLD GARRET.

"Now for the history of the wig, dear mother," said Frank and Harry, the first evening she was at leisure,

"As the wig began to speak," said their mother, "he gave a slight hitch on one side, just as if some one pushed him up a little, and then after a short pause began thus. "You will be astonished, perhaps, to know that it is more than a hundred years since I first saw the light. None of you have lived so long or seen as much as I have. I cannot tell all I have seen or known. It would take too long and weary you too much; I can only give a slight sketch of my long life.

In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-two, the baby head upon which I grew, came into this happy, but strange world in which we live. Oh how happy was the mother who saw me for the first time! and how full was

her joy when she stroked the small head of her little girl and exclaimed, "How beautiful and soft her hair is, it is softer than velvet or satin." Even then, every one said, "What a beautiful head of hair! what a lovely baby!" The little girl whose head I adorned was the daughter of a poor vicar and his wife, who lived in an obscure country town in England. She was their fifth child, but their only daughter. She was very beautiful, and I may say it surely without vanity now, I was her greatest ornament. I was of a beautiful auburn color, and fell in thick clusters all over her happy, gentle head and shaded her laughter loving face. After a day of hard work, how fond her mother was of taking her little pet up in her lap, and twisting up every curl in nice order under her white linen night-cap ere she put her to bed; and her father too would wind my ringlets round his great fingers, which toil in his garden had made hard and rough, and he would kiss every one of them and pray God to bless the young head on which it grew. As the dear head grew larger I grew larger and thicker; every one who saw me noticed me. One would say, "It looks a pot of hyacinths." Another, "It has caught the sunshine and kept it." What a pleasant life I led! When Alice grew a large girl she became something of a romp, and one of her favorite amusements was to go to the top of a hill near her father's house when there was a high wind, and let it blow through her curls, and there she would sing and shout and dance from the fulness of her joy, and she would tell her mother when she came home that the wind had been combing her hair. Oh the horrid combing! that I had to endure every morning, one must be a head of

curly hair to know how bad it is. At last Alice was a woman, and I of course led a more sober life, as she became more serious. I grew so long and thick that when she took out her comb and shook her head slightly, I fell in curls all around her neck and shoulders like a golden veil, and you could but just see her laughing blue eyes and white teeth through me.

You may readily guess that the pretty Alice was beloved by all who knew her, and ere long, the son of the apothecary of the village won her heart. He was a good hearted fellow, but never fitted himself to be of much use in the world; he took Alice to a distant village, where, with his father's assistance, he set up as an apothecary, upon rather a small scale of course, but he and Alice were used to simple fare and to helping themselves, and all would have been well with them but for one thing, — Alice's husband became a drunkard; not immediately, — his love for his wife kept him sober for some time. Nothing was more beautiful than the way they lived for a year or two; but the habit of drinking a little, which he had formed in his father's shop, and which he intended to cure, he said, returned, and he had not strength to resist it. This made him fretful, and for the first time in her life, Alice became unhappy. She had never before heard any but the voice of kindness, and now, from him she loved best in the world, she received sometimes sharp and disagreeable words. He was very sorry afterwards, and all would seem well again, but he did not really reform, and many a time when my locks fell over her innocent round cheek, were they wetted with her tears.

One day, after they had been married three years, and two beautiful children were playing around Alice, her husband came into the room in a great passion, saying, as he entered, "What right had you, Alice, to give my old cap to that beggar who has been here? I met him at the inn, and knew my old cap by the piece which you have mended it with, which was of a darker color, and I charged him with stealing it, and he had the impudence to say, that some one who had not such a red nose as I, had given it to him, and he pointed to our cottage, and said, 'Go ask her if she did not give it to me.'"

"To be sure I did, James," said she, "and why should I not? You look like a fright in that old cap, and you ought not to feel so bad at hearing any one speak of your red nose, as at the thought of what makes it red." This imprudent remark of Alice enraged her husband, — he was under the effect of liquor, — and in a transport of anger, he seized her by the hair; yes, my friends, by these very same old white locks which you now see, which were then the color of the warm sunshine, — he seized her and shook her dear, innocent head, till with fright and pain she fainted. This brought her husband to his senses; he knelt down by her and chafed her cold hands, and sprinkled water in her face, and when she came to herself, called himself the wickedest wretch that ever lived, and promised on his knees, with the tears running down his cheeks, that he would never drink any more ardent spirits, if she would forgive him.

Alice was good as an angel; she did forgive him, and believed him, and never said another harsh word to him, and James kept his promise for a month or two, but

he fell again, and then more hopelessly ; for after he had drank a little, he feared his wife would know it, and he felt so unhappy, that he drank more, to drown his feelings, and for the first time he was brought home to his wife dead drunk.

Alice tended her husband as if he were only a sick man ; she had him put into a nice bed, she washed and mended his soiled and torn clothes, she was near him to catch his first word when he recovered his senses, she never reproached him, she tried by her love to win him back to sobriety and duty, she wept, she prayed for him.

He suffered all that man can from shame ; he could not look her in the face, — he had destroyed the charm and glory of life ; he was unable, or rather he thought he was, to conquer his enemy, and before six years were at an end, partly from broken and ruined health, and partly from utter misery, he fell into a rapid decline, and died.

Alice loved her husband, and never was sick man nursed with more loving, cheerful patience, than was hers ; he wept over his sins, he asked her with every returning and every setting sun, to forgive him, and to pray God to pardon him. She was an angel of pity and mercy to him, to the end. When she leaned over him to kiss him, he would pull her beautiful hair, — for I was beautiful, — over his face, which he was ashamed to show when he thought of his folly and wickedness. Many a time have I felt his hot tears of contrition as he pressed me against his sunken cheeks and to his parched lips.

After her husband's death, the Vicar of the parish

came to see Alice, and did all he could to comfort and aid her; he had always been a good friend to her. She found that they were largely in debt, — that when all the stock in her husband's shop was sold, and the creditors paid, there would be nothing left for herself and two children. She did not want to go back to her old father's house, and burden him with the care and expense of herself and children, and she resolved to open a little school for small children, in the cottage in which she lived. She had one spare room, which she could let to an old lady who wanted just such a home as she could give her; and with a strong and hopeful heart, she resolved to dedicate herself to the work before her, of supporting and educating her two orphan children.

Alice's strict honesty had made her give up to her husband's creditors, everything she had, but the barest necessities; but now that she wanted to commence her little school, she felt very much the want of a little cash to buy a few indispensable things for this purpose. The grocer and butcher had offered to wait and supply her on credit, till her first payment from her scholars and boarder should come in; but a little ready money was essential to her to begin with. She would not borrow it, and was one day thinking what she should do to obtain it, when her eye, as it wandered over a newspaper which the Vicar had kindly lent her, fell on an advertisement offering a high price for handsome hair, long and thick enough to make wigs of.

Alice remembered that she had heard the good curate say that he was going to London on business in a day or two, and her determination was made in a moment.

I said that Alice had kept nothing that she could do

without ; she had, however, kept the white muslin gown she had on when she was married. She thought she could not give this up. "I shall never wear a white muslin gown again," she said, as she ripped out one of the breadths and made herself two or three plain caps of it. The next day she rose early before the children were awake, and standing before a very small looking glass, which she had kept to dress her hair in, she looked at me curling all over her precious head, and hanging down upon her shoulders. "He loved these locks," said she, "and for his sake I would keep them, but they had better be devoted to the good of our children, besides they are beginning to turn grey, and I am not thirty. Some school books for my children will be worth more to me than all these golden locks. I am glad they are asleep, for they love to play with my hair, and it would grieve them to see me cut it off."

And now the good Alice took her scissors and cut off lock after lock, till all were gone, saving a few which she left around her forehead ; then she put on her simple muslin cap, tied with a muslin string under her chin. Just then, her eldest child, a little boy, awoke. Alice laid me down on his bed as she cut me off, lock by lock, and the first sight the little fellow saw when he awoke, was his mother's hair, which almost covered him up.

"Why, mother, how could you do so ? How could you cut off your pretty hair, and put on that ugly cap ? What would father say ? You said we must do what we thought would please him ; it would not please him to have you cut off your pretty hair," and the child burst into an agony of tears.

"Would it not please him that you should have a

spelling book, and a slate to write on, William? And with this hair I can buy them for you. I have no other riches now." The poor boy still wept; the hair was more to him at that time than all learning. He could not then believe that the time would come in after life, when he would remember with gratitude his mother's sacrifice to him and his little sister.

When the good vicar came to see Alice, as he did every day, she came to him with me in her hands, all nicely done up in a paper, and asked him if he would be so good as to take me to the hair-dressers, who had advertised in his paper for hair, and would make the best bargain he could for her, and with the proceeds get the few little necessities for commencing her small school, which she so much needed. The good man cheerfully promised to do so, and took the parcel from Alice, and carried it to his own house.

And so I bade farewell to dear Alice, and her neat cottage, and her sweet children. I was parted forever from that innocent head, that had never thought any but a good and pure thought. I was no longer to be dressed by her dear hands, I was never again to shade and adorn her lovely face nor fall in ringlets around her sloping shoulders, nor ever tremble again as I felt the beatings of her gay and generous heart, as I often did when she took out her comb and let me fall over her neck and shoulders. Nothing that ever had life in it could be insensible to such a sorrow as this. How I envied the few locks she kept round her precious forehead. How I wished that scissors had never been invented.

E. L. F.

[To be continued.]

## THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."*

TEACH me to live! Thy humblest flower  
Bends its slight limbs as if in prayer,  
Each smallest dew-drop knows Thy power,  
And shines, a rainbow in the air.

The purple shadows droop and wave;  
They're kneeling — 't is the sunbeam's will;  
The white waves, whispering, bow to lave  
The golden sand that worships still.

The young bird hears the wind's slight moan,  
Faint rustle of his drowsy nest,  
And startled, echoes back the tone,  
Glad hymn of worship after rest!

Teach us to praise, to feel Thy power,  
Thy holy love that cares for all;  
That lifts the drooping wayside flower,  
And guards the young bird, lest he fall.

Teach us thy love! We feel in sadness,  
That flower and bird and wave, to Thee  
Bear worship in their *lives* of gladness,  
While the young child bends the knee.

Teach us to live! We know Thy power,  
Obedient to Thy will, we wait,  
Like humblest plant or wayside flower  
We'll bless the dew that falleth late.

Yet — Thou hast said it — if we kneeling  
Pure in heart, do seek thy grace,  
Thou wilt send its deep revealing,  
The humblest child may see Thy face.

S. W. L.

## THE FAIRY OF THE FROST.

"And, then when the rare hoar-frost would come,  
"Twas all like a dream of wonder;  
When over us grew the crystal trees,  
And the crystal plants grew under!  
"Twas all like a fairy forest then,  
Where the diamond trees are growing,  
And within each branch the emerald green,  
And the ruby red were growing."—MARY HOWITT.

Now the snow is falling; so soft, so silently, nobody heeds it. But the children are hurrying from school, and come dancing into my room, with glowing cheeks, and with the old cry, ever unsatisfied, of "Aunt Mabel, dear Aunt Mabel, tell us a story." Now the little hands are rubbed warm, and the purple cheeks look red again, and they have time to think of their old question.

"Aunt Mabel is so quiet," said Alice More timidly—Alice is my pet—"that I know she is thinking of a story for us."

"Oh no, Alice," whispered little Kate in a very nice manner, "Aunt Mabel is always quiet."

Little Amy, who was standing at the window, called out, "Tell us a story about the snow fairies, Aunt Mabel. There are beautiful castles and mountains on the window pane now; the tall trees have taken firm root, and a little woman is seated under one of them, looking half frozen. Aunt Mabel, tell us all about it; do the little fairies really live in the castles?"

"Will you listen quietly if I tell you, Amy? The

child assented joyfully, so I carefully put away my spectacles and thus commenced : —

“The frost fairies are an inferior tribe, that, — since the extinction of the great fairy race by the wisdom of the world, — is left alone to gladden the eyes of believing children. It is difficult to tell their story; they are so fragile, they live sometimes but a day, or an hour, and sometimes even die unseen. You thought all fairies lived in flowers, and so I thought when I was a child, — I am no wiser now, — but the little frost fairies I have discovered lately on my window, and their lives are too beautiful to be lost. Will you listen ?

“Tinetta was seated alone, under a fir tree at the foot of the mountain; her little snow cloak, warm to her as down, was fastened at the throat with a silver button; and her little face was almost concealed by a rose-colored hood. It was a charmed cap, for when the sun fell upon her it glittered like steel, and changed to all the colors of the rainbow. It was the little fairy’s only protection. A cold, blue haze was spread over the country all round her. Numberless leaves and coarse shrubs filled the path, and the forest rose behind like a dense silver wall.

“‘How shall I find my home?’ murmured Tinetta. ‘They said if I left the ice caves, I should be lost, and now the tall silver trees have grown up all round me: icicles are hanging from the walls of the castle, and if I try to enter, they will fall like spears upon my head and crush me. What can I do?’

“The hoarse voice of the wind whispered, and Tinetta started in affright. ‘Little maiden,’ he said rough-

ly, 'I called you from your home in the ice cave; here is a little wheel I have brought; you must spin a silver web to cover all the land before you can go home.'

"The little maiden was frightened, and large tears fell on her clasped hands, but they only riveted more closely the chain that was around her small wrists.

" 'Unclasp my hands, kind Wind,' said she timidly, 'or how shall I spin?'

"The Wind breathed on the chain and it fell to the ground: then Tinetta took her little stool and placed it by the beautiful silver wheel, and began to spin. She could not form the thread at all; at first it was like a clumsy icicle, then it would fly off the wheel in fine showers like snow dust. She was so sad and discouraged! But the wind blew harder, and the little wheel flew swiftly, till it was like a star in her sight. Tinetta held the thread firmly in her tiny fingers, but her eyes wandered all round, — to the castle to see if there were any children there, who might pity her; to the mountains, where the army of soldiers with their silver spears were sleeping; to the fir trees, lest there should be a little bird there who might tell her a story. But in vain; the fir trees were stiffened with cold, and any bird would have died there. Poor little Tinetta; every time her thoughts wandered from her work, the silver thread snapped, and she was obliged to begin it all over again.

"The motes in the sunshine beckoned 'Come dance with us?' The little snow flakes as they winked, 'Come float in the air with us!' But the wheel still whirled in the wind, and the silver thread was yet unspun. She had only finished enough to wind around a small thorn

bush, when the wind came again and whispered, 'You must not listen to their voices, Tinetta : spin the web diligently and you shall be free.'

"Then she commenced spinning earnestly. She did not look around once ; and the white dust flew from the wheel, as you have seen the snow whirled along the path by the wind. Tinetta felt happy then, for she was industrious, and she began to sing a little song to cheer her heart while at work.

"When the silver rain in dust shall fall,  
And the silver web is spun,  
Then the wind shall free the captive small,  
For the weary task is done."

"Oh, Aunt Mabel, how could you hear her voice if she was small enough to live on the window pane? I can't believe it."

"Ask Amy what she thinks," said Aunt Mabel, smiling.

Little Amy looked up brightly, and said, "Yes, I have looked at them so long, that I have seen the little wheels whirling, and when I put my ear close to the pane, I could hear a sound like the jarring of a silver wire. Who knows but I might have heard the voices if my hearing was fine enough. I almost heard them."

Little Amy's perfect faith was beautiful to me. "Well Amy," I said "Tinetta kept on spinning diligently, till the silver web was spread all over the kingdom. Then suddenly everything was free. Colored flowers sprung up at her feet. The army of soldiers in silver armour, dropped their spears, and awoke from their long sleep. The stiffened trees waved and shook their leaves. The little brook rippled again. Children's faces nodded

from the castle windows. People that were prisoners in ice-caves felt that their chains were broken, and came thronging down the sides of the mountain. This was the reward of the little girl's diligence. The warm sun himself smiled on Tinetta, and carried her home in his arms to a rainbow in Heaven."

"Will not she ever come to the earth again, Aunt Mabel?"

"Yes, she sometimes takes the form of a rain-drop, and sinks into the heart of a flower, and there she works just as diligently at the root, till it is as fresh and blooming as a fairy."

"Ah! Aunt Mabel," said little Amy, "there are flower fairies still, then! The violets and the pansies have little faces, and I mean to look into the first dew-drop I meet, and see if I cannot find one there."

Dear little Amy! I believe she will; for her own face is so sweet and simple, the little face in the dew-drop will recognize her.

Do not you believe my story? And will not you look for the fairy too?

S. W. L.

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WISDOM and virtue be the only destines appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to seek all our knowledge, since they be such guides as cannot fail; which, besides their inward comfort, doe lead so direct a way of proceeding, as either prosperitie must insue; or, if the wickednesse of the world should oppresse it, it can never be said that evil happeneth to him who falles accompanied with virtue. — *Sidney's Arcadia*.

## SWISS GAMES.

UNDER this title we present our young friends with the translation of a chapter from the spirited historical romance of Gustavus Von Heringen, entitled the "Boy of Lucerne," which may perhaps hereafter furnish this work with other articles. Many of our young city readers may have seen the representations in wood of Swiss villages, which are not unfrequently brought here by Alpine travellers; and all who have studied their geographies, know that Switzerland is the most mountainous of European countries. The following lively description will effectually introduce them to an acquaintance with the simple manners and athletic sports of these dwellers among the Alps, and show them that under every variety of scenery and manners, human passions and affections are the same.

For the better understanding of the relative position of the few individuals here brought forward, it may be necessary to add, that Master Burkhardt was a rich butcher belonging to Lucerne, who had been accustomed for many years to buy his fatted cattle of Uli's father, Herr Wytt, the owner of the farm called the Glung; and it was in his visits to Lucerne with his father on these trafficking occasions, that Uli and the butcher's pretty daughter, Lizzie, had become mutually interested in one another.

"Between Kussnacht and Mount Rigi, which dips its foot into two spacious lakes, ascending about half a league from the castle of the bailiff, now in ruins, lies a

large farm-yard, surrounded by beautiful orchards, meadows and fields, which continue fruitful far above, on the mountain, with a spacious square mansion-house, furnished and decorated with side buildings, stables, fresh bubbling or running fountains, a square, well walled barn-yard, and every other appurtenance necessary for a comfortable Swiss farm-house like the Glung, the property of Herr George Wytt, and the birth-place and home of Uli.

The good wife within was busily employed ; the fire burned bright in the kitchen, and there was no stint in the meats, the pastry and the gala dishes, which the mother was making ready with her handsome bare white arms and clean hands. The little, or half grown, maidens were either assisting her, or arranging the parlor and dining room, that both might appear to the best advantage. Each had received her allotted business, and even the boys were not idle, but aided their mother, or else their father, who was occupied abroad in the yard and stables. These were kept so neat and clean, that it was a pleasure only to look at them ; at the present time, indeed, this was no hard task for the servants, as but few of the cattle were at home, most of them being with the cow-herd in their summer pasture on the mountain. But what could be more sleek and beautiful than those which were present, — how strong the bullocks, how lively the calves ; and how gaily the conies or mountain rabbits, called Kungli, the little nimble-footed visitors of the grave steers, with their red eyes and long, pointed ears, sprung about with impunity over the cribs, and racks and gangways, the pets and play things of the boys and servants ! Of dogs, too, there was no lack at the Glung,

while an innumerable flock of beautiful white poultry enlivened the yard. Pigeons were flying around a lofty dovecote; ploughs, harrows and other farming implements stood well arranged, and ready for use, under sheds or in the open court.

But there was no farther need of them now; the labor for this week was at an end, and the Sunday preparation had already begun, for it was Saturday evening — to-morrow was a festival and welcome guests were expected every moment. They arrived, just as the sun was going down; people were seen approaching by the mountain road, who could be going no where but to the Glung. These were Master Burkhardt and his gaily dressed daughter, by whose side walked Uli, and behind followed the servants who had rowed the boat, for which last Herr George had a boat-house of his own in the town below. Then what a running there was in Glung-court to receive their worthy guests! How quickly the mother threw aside her kitchen apron, colored up in her still handsome cheeks, smoothed her brown hair and came out on the door-steps surrounded, like a princess with her court, by her timid little ones, who cowered behind her. The father had already received the arriving guests at the gate, and after a hearty shake of the hand, was at once deep in conversation with Master Burkhardt, remaining with him a few steps behind. Consequently, Uli had to offer the daughter his hand in mounting the steps to meet his mother. The young man's heart trembled with delight at having his chosen here, and introducing her beneath the roof of his parents; because though this was no bridal home-bringing, it

might yet be considered, after all that had past, as the forerunner of one.

And how Lizzie's modestly veiled bosom throbbed in sweet confusion, as she now actually entered the Glung, where her thoughts had so often loitered; as she saw the apartments which Uli had so often been called on to describe to her; as she stood before his mother, whom he so tenderly loved, to whom his devotion was so filial; as she saw the bright little heads of his young sisters and brothers peeping behind their mother, or hidden in the corner of the house-door! So happy was she, so modest, so humble in the gladness which her countenance so sweetly reflected, that the farmer's wife could never be weary of petting and caressing her. Then, too, the little ones must come forward. Lizzie shook each one by the hand, and gave it sugar plums or some other present brought by her from the city, which she now, to Uli's surprise, who had known nothing of the matter, produced and distributed from a pretty travelling bag; whereby she soon overcame the shyness of the children and made them her friends. For it was not the inhabitants of the Glung alone, who endeavored to conciliate favor, but the visitors also,—at least, Elizabeth; the rich beautiful city maiden, with her enchanting humility and fresh, natural, cheerful manners, sought to ingratiate herself in the peasant home, the paternal mansion of her dearly beloved Uli. And her success was perfect that very evening, which was passed in the enjoyment of a bountiful meal and cheerful conversation. Uli was friendly but less talkative than usual; though attentive, he was silent and serious, as is the custom with the Swiss on the eve-

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ning preceding those public games, in which they are to contend for the honor of their mountains, vales, or even their hamlets only. They say little concerning the affair, frequently, indeed, keeping their own intended participation in the contest, a secret from those nearest to them, until they appear on the field in short, girded garments, and thus show why they have been for some time so silent and serious, so retired, quiet and abstemious. On looking at the handsome, full-grown, agile, but stout, youth of twenty years of age, it was easy to conjecture that Uli had been selected from among the young wrestlers of Rigi for to-morrow's contest, when plain and mountain were to contend together in displaying their dexterity and strength. Early in the evening he disappeared from the confidential little circle in the sitting room, and the fair stranger cast many a side look in quest of him to no purpose.

Trinity morning rose bright and clear in all gorgeousness of summer. Far over the mountain sounded the pealing church-bells, summoning the inhabitants up from valleys, and down from the hills. The cow-boys and shepherds of Mount Rigi issued from their cottages in clean shirts, fresh washed and combed, with the long crooked horn in their right hands, whose far sounding, melodious clang, the mountain echoes so often reverberate; they put it to their lips and turned towards the rising sun. Here, on a mass of rocks, round which his herd was lying, stood a solitary individual, with his horn resting on both his arms, and blowing into it with all the force of his lungs, while the sound rolled on majestically in the morning air, high over the listening animals, which pricked up their hairy ears; yonder, stood

a troop of young shepherds, who united in blowing the Swiss cow-song,\* while the sun mounted higher and kissed their brows with his purest beams, in return for the salutation which they offered him.

Brightly glistened the near and distant mountains, from lofty Santis and the Glarnischstock, down southerly to St. Gotthardsburg, steep Furca and the Silver-horn, round which played rosy clouds. Farther on, towered the mountains of Italy, and far in, towards the right, the sharp peaks of Savoy. All was now alive; up waked the villages, and on the hill and mountain paths men showed themselves. From Schwytz and Brunnen, from the valley of Motta, and that through which the wild Reuss hurries, came this day betimes, pilgrims in wagons, on horses, or in great boats over the lake to Rigi, — at least to the foot of the mountain; and though no pious impulse to devotion called them to the churches which adorned the villages, or to the chapels by the road-side, all were now anxious to arrive in season at the place of sport, where the festive games were to be celebrated after the conclusion of high mass.

Beautifully situated, on the point of land which runs into the lake between Kussnacht and Waggis, the scene of the games, was a broad meadow, lying between hills of greater or less elevation, here and there bounded by granite piles and huge mountain fragments, which might have rolled down from the heights of Kulm. The point of land was covered with a rich growth of

\* Our young readers may need to be reminded that the "Ranze des Vaches," or cow-song, is a melody peculiar to Switzerland, and renders the poor Swiss frantic with home-sickness, when he chancs to hear it far away from his native mountains.

shrubbery, watered by the green waves of the lake. Among the maple, beech and oak trees, the slender laurel waved its dark green foliage; the chesnut in massive clumps imbedded its prickly, though sweet,kerneled fruit; the almond and olive ripened, and the leaves of the vine mingled with ivy wound round the trunks, from stem to stem, over the fields and pastures. Here and there peeped forth amid the green, pleasant farm-yards and houses, surmounted in the distance by pointed steeples, and these again overtopped by near or distant mountains. Such was the spot, which with every advancing hour of the day grew more lively. Round about on the hills, on the blocks of rock forming the natural benches and resting places of this theatre, were stationed groups of men, generally in their holiday dresses, forming a circle which grew more dense continually, around a space whose outmost limits were described by slender wooden stakes, forming the special arena of the anticipated games. The persons who assembled were for the most part peasants and shepherds, old men, men, boys and maidens, from those districts out of which the youths were to be selected for the contest.

Most of them came in anxious expectation with beating hearts. The directors of the assembly, or head magistrates of the valleys, were concerned for the honor of their own vale or village; the hearts of fathers throbbed in their strong bosoms, doubtful whether their sons would reap shame or glory; the mothers trembled, the maidens had no peace or rest through impatience concerning the destiny of their lovers or brothers. The boys of the different villages were teasing one another, or exercising themselves beforehand in wrestling or

throwing down each other. Many others also were seen among the throng, who had no other interest in the festival than the desire of seeing the show. There might be seen fat citizens in velvet waistcoats, horsemen, footmen, and travellers from different knightly castles: the cowl of the monk, the helmet, casque, and bear-skin cap appeared in motley confusion. In this fashion, hundreds, and even thousands, had already convened; moving life and gladness reigned everywhere. Little fires were burning, at which the women who had come from a distance were preparing the noon-day meal for themselves and their husbands. The sun had risen still higher, when suddenly those on loftiest station, who had the widest prospect, uttered a loud shout of welcome, and pointed to the lake, on whose mirror vessels were seen in the distance. These vessels rapidly drew near, moving in order to the stroke of more than a hundred oars. They came from the direction of Lucerne; there were eight or nine in number, and each was closely filled with men of all ages, among whom were seen women and maidens, in bodices and head-dresses differing from those seen here on the mountain and by the lake. They landed amid the loud salutations of the assembled multitude, which crowded to meet them, and formed into a line to see them come up. 'The Emmenthalers! The Entlibuchers!' passed from mouth to mouth. 'Here they come! There they are! Handsome lads! How white are their arms and knees!'

The combatants in fact now landed, — a beautiful company of vigorous youths; of tall stature and well rounded limbs, full fed and ruddy, accompanied by their fathers and the magistrates of their villages, who ceased

not until they had reached the theatre of action, from whispering to them exhortations, recalling to their memory all the rules and prescriptions, by the observance of which they might win the victory. There was a seriousness on the brow of the old men, as if the contest to their sons were for life or death, and as if bondage and slavery were annexed to their defeat. The inhabitants of the Glung had long since arrived at the meadow with their guests, and taken a place from which they could best overlook the sport; though of all the company, Master Burkhardt to-day was the only talker. Herr George, yesterday so friendly and conversable, now appeared grave and silent, and the close observer easily perceived that it was an effort to him to answer and turn his thoughts from the subject which engrossed him. It was the same with his wife, comely dame Babby, and Burkhardt's daughter well understood her, and often pressed her hand in sympathy, looking herself so anxious, that for the sake of those looks, the good mother loved her even better than she had before.

When now the Emmenthalers and the Entlibuchers had come up close to the rock on which the women were seated, the dame caught Lizzy by the shoulder, as in terror, exclaiming, 'Ah, lassy, by all the Saints, those are lads indeed! Only look, only see how grand they are! Ah! happy the mothers who bore them!'

'How now? dame,' retorted Lizzie, half offended. 'Surely you would not be envious!' 'By no means; Heaven forbid! My Uli is faultless, mind and body. My Uli is comely, and so are these. But they are giants — will our lads be able to manage them?'

Now sounded the clangor of horns in various directions, accompanied at intervals with a single one of peculiar strength and melody. This was the far-famed horn of Uri, long wont in serious, as in sportive combats, to give the signal to the forest towns for the beginning and ending of the contest. High rolled its blast above all the rest, and the mountain homes returned it in joyful echoes. 'Hist, hist!' said Uli's mother, turning red and white while she squeezed Lizzie's hand, 'That is the Uri horn! Now our people are coming; now they are at hand, and will anon meet the strangers.' And immediately afterwards, from behind a projecting rock, which closed in the meadow towards the mountain almost like a gate, a long beautiful procession came on with lively music, before which the promiscuous throng gave way. At the head of it floated the new banner of the four forest-cities, bright with gay colors; next came, as guests to whom honor was due, the Emmenthalers and Entlibuchers, from the province of Lucerne, in all perhaps a hundred Hurnuss\* throwers and wrestlers, in short breeches and with naked arms, preceded by their musicians, carrying gilded horns wreathed with flowers, scarcely half so long as those of the mountain shepherds, in which they blew in the most spirited and delightful manner. It cheered the very heart to look at these boys and youths, moving on so handsome and so free. In size and stateliness of form, the Emmenthalers towered above all

\* Hurnusswerfer — the Hurnuss, or bat, as afterwards described, seems to be a flat, wooden staff, which is thrown with great power.

the rest. Many a bosom beat higher beneath its bodice as they appeared, and many a maiden's eye followed them with longing looks of wonder.

“And now came a stout figure, decked in a bullock's hide, which hung down over his back and shoulders in such a way, that the horns rested on his shoulders. He was a man of mature age, with a black beard, which clustered thickly about his chin and cheeks. He carried in his muscular hands and on his sinewy arms, which still trembled beneath the burden, the huge battle-horn, into which, every now and then, he blew with distended cheeks, not in a way to interrupt the other music, but to give a more full effect to its beauty by his own deep, solemn blast. ‘The Bullock of Uri!’ was whispered through the throng, and all eyes respectfully followed him as he majestically strode within the circle. Next to him came on foot, the shepherd boys from Mount Rigi and Mount Pilate, and those from the valley of the Reuss, with their long, cow-calling horns, the melody of which was by no means so sweet and varied, so clear and cheerful, as that of the crooked horns, played by the shepherds of the plains; but it could be heard at greater distances, and was more solemn and better suited to the mountain echoes, among which it was wont to be reverberated.

“Next came the youths born in the vicinity, who were to contend for the honor of the mountains. Two and two they marched, arm in arm, and the assembled throng, both men and women, fathers, mothers, sisters and lassie loves, held in their very breath, as now they scanned them over with eyes oblique, which had just been dazzled by the beauty of the Emmenthalers and Entlibuchers.

Where here, were those almost gigantic figures? A few indeed among them were of fair proportions, of whom was Uli; but upon the whole, the mountain shepherds were not so large, or stout, or well fed, as those of the hill country, who lived almost as luxuriantly as the inhabitants of the cities. And yet there was no deficiency of energy, symmetry or grace in their appearance. Their eyes flashed with courage and determination, their limbs quivered with repressed energy; and the fathers, mothers and lassie-loves once more became tranquil, and expressed their relief from anxiety in low, encouraging whispers of approbation. L. O.

[To be concluded in the next No.]

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### TAPIOCA PUDDING.

"I SHALL be five years old tomorrow," said Arthur, "and if you please, mother, I will choose tapioca pudding for your dinner."

"For *my* dinner!" said Mrs. Wilton; "Yes, you are right, my little boy, for I am sure it is for mother quite as much as for yourself; and as it is our simple family custom, instead of making a great feast on the occasion, to let each one, as his birth-day comes round, choose the pudding for dinner, that we may notice the day at our pleasant noontide meal, we will certainly have a tapioca pudding tomorrow."

Tomorrow came, and brought to little Arthur, first, a mild sunshiny day, and that, as it was the last of Janu-

ary, was a cheering gift, to begin with, and not the less pleasant because it came to thousands of children besides himself. Then he had a little globe as a present from his father. It was a *terrestrial globe*, and that, as Mr. Wilton told Arthur, is a globe that represents the earth upon which we live. It was about as large as a coconut; and as Arthur was very fond of learning something about different countries and towns, and how far, and in what direction they lay from the spot where he lived, he was very much pleased with his miniature earth.

His mother gave him a little book, called "Original Poems." Arthur's sister Alice had often read to him the poems from this collection, and he was very fond of them, so that his book, full of pretty wood-cuts, seemed to him a little treasure. He liked verses so much, that his mother wrote in the blank leaf of his book these lines: —

TO ARTHUR, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

In pastures always green,  
Sweet lamb, may'st thou be fed,  
And by the quiet waters  
Ever be led.

May'st thou the pleasant shade  
Find for thy noon-day hours,  
And see, where'er thou turnest,  
Fresh springing flowers.

Thee may THE SHEPHERD keep  
From dangers and alarms,  
And through life's tempests bear thee  
Safe in his arms.

Alice, the eldest of the children, was eighteen. She gave Arthur a beautiful and warm tippet, which she had

knit for him of shaded blue worsted ; and Mary, who was twelve years old, gave him a good, hard, bounding ball, which she had made strong, and yet pretty, working it in stripes with colored twine. His brother Horace, who was three years older than himself, gave him as his birthday gift, a paint-box, with twelve colors in it, and three good brushes. This present delighted Arthur, as he had not had any colors of his own before. His mother often drew for him on paper some flower, — a pink, a morning glory, or a columbine, which he would color very neatly and shade very well ; and he was never more pleasantly amused than when he sat by his mother, coloring the flowers she drew for him.

When dinner-time came, the birth-day pudding appeared. Alice made it, and Ruth, the cook, baked it, and each did her part well ; so that it was highly praised, and not only praised but eaten.

"Alice," said Mr. Wilton, "how many different substances are there in your pudding ?" "Six," said Alice, "tapioca, milk, eggs, sugar, cinnamon, salt." "Arthur," said his father, "after tea, I should like to have you tell us all you know about one of these six substances ; and we will each of us also choose one, and give a little lecture on it, at the same time." "That is a very good play," said Arthur ; "I think, Father, I can say most about *milk*." "Arthur takes milk ; what is your subject, Horace ?" "I choose *salt*, sir." "You, Mary, as the third from the youngest, have the next choice." "And I prefer *sugar*," said she. "Yes, yes, we all know that," said Arthur, "You like candy even better than I do." "I speak for *cinnamon*," said Alice. "Very well," said their father to his wife, "if you, then, will

take *tapioca*, which, knowing your taste for the vegetable kingdom, I suppose will suit you, *eggs* will be left for me."

After tea, when the family assembled round the table, Arthur told his father that he should give a very short lecture on milk, and began as follows:

*Arthur.* "Milk is very good for little boys. The cow gives us milk. Butter is made from milk, and so is cheese. I do not know much more about milk, but I will tell you a story about a cow. Once there was a little cow, and her name was Ruby. She was named so, because she was very pretty and very red. She was very fond of a dog that belonged to the children of her kind master. He was named Orion, because he had three white spots, like stars, on his side, that looked like the belt of Orion which we can see among the stars in the sky. However, everybody called him '*Rion*'. He always slept on a little bed of straw, close by Ruby, in the barn; and they loved each other very much. One evening, Orion was running about the village, and a cruel man, who was idling about with a gun in his hand, shot him in the neck. The wound was very painful, and his blood flowed so fast that he grew weak and faint. He had just strength enough left to crawl home, and lay himself down by Ruby in the barn. The family were startled as they were sitting together in the evening, by hearing a loud and strange noise, very near the house, — something between a *moan* and a roar. They went to the door, and there stood Ruby, making the most piteous cries and looking very earnestly, almost wildly, out of her dark, handsome eyes. As soon as she found that she had roused her master, she ran to the barn door, and then stood and looked back at him, *mooring* again most dole-

fully. Her master knew that something must be the matter, so he quickly followed Ruby into the barn, till he came to the place where she stood by the side of poor 'Rion, looking down upon him, and moaning over him, as tenderly as if he had been a little calf of her own. Orion was taken care of, and got well, and all the family loved good Ruby more than ever, because she was so loving to the dog, and took so much pains to call his master, when he was so weak and faint that he could not move."

"Thank you, Arthur," said his mother, "that is a good little story; and I think Ruby showed a great deal of intelligence, as well as affection." S. S. F.

[To be continued.]

## RIDDLES FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

### 1.

On a gray sea a bridge doth rise,  
Of pearls both fair and bright:  
A moment forms it to our eyes,  
It wavers in the height.

The highest ships' high mast appears  
Beneath her arch to stray,  
Yet she herself no burden bears,  
Approach, she flies away.

But with the shower she came, and flies  
Soon as its flood goes by,  
Now tell me where the bridge doth rise,  
And who hath built it high?

## 2

On a wide spread field are roving  
A thousand sheep all silver white,  
And as now we see them going  
Looked they to the first man's sight.

They never change, for steadfast life  
From unexhausted springs is born,  
And them a trusty shepherd leads,  
With beautiful bent silver horn.

He drives them out of golden doors,  
He counts them over every night,  
And of the lambs not one is lost  
Since first they trod that pathway bright.

A trusty dog helps lead them on,  
A lively ram skips on before;  
Would thou couldst shew to me the herd,  
And say what name the shepherd bore.

## 3

Know you the picture on a soft light ground  
Shining with its own light,  
That changes as each hour comes round,  
Yet always fresh and bright?  
In smallest space it may unroll,  
In narrowest frame 'tis bound;  
Yet all that greatly stirs the soul,  
Is in this picture found.

Can you to me the crystal name,  
Richer than precious stone?  
It shines, but with no burning flame —  
The whole world is its own.  
And heaven itself is painted there  
Within its wondrous glass;  
But all that shines most bright and fair  
Itself cannot surpass.

## WE'LL TRY TO AGREE.

"THE horse and wagon are my own, all mine, and I say the red stripe in the carpet *shall* be the road, — yes, the red stripe, not the green one."

"The doll is mine, and I will not let her ride, except on the green stripe. Who ever heard of a red road?"

"Who ever heard of a green road, either! But my road has green on both sides for grass. So mine is the best. Isn't it, mother?"

Mrs. Murray was writing. The voices of her children never disturbed her while they were happy; she loved to have them playing about the room, and chattering merrily. Even a great noise did not stop her running pen, or make her look over her shoulder. But when they fell into a dispute, she always left off writing, and looked round. Then they felt ashamed, and when it was only a little quarrel, gave it up, and tried to agree again. And it is strange how easily a matter can be settled when little people really wish to agree. One yields a little, then the other yields a little, both smile, and try to be pleasant, and all goes on smoothly again.

But this matter of the road made a very great dispute, indeed. Mrs. Murray's pen had been idle a long time; she had looked, and even shaken her head in vain.

"I am the oldest," began Lucy.

"Then you should give up, to set me an example," retorted Gilbert.

"But I know more than you. So my way is best."

"Boys know best about roads and such things."

"Mother, is n't a red road ridiculous?"

"Mother, a green road is 'dicolous, *I* think, don't you?"

"Children, this *quarrel* is ridiculous."

"I am not quarrelling. I only want to have it the right way," said Lucy.

"I am not quarrelling, neither. But I won't play, if I must have a 'dicolous green road," roared Master Gilbert, manfully, and he tipped up his cart, giving the doll a most uncivil fall upon her head.

"Zillah shall not be your farmer's wife any more, naughty Gib."

"No matter. I don't want her. I will whip her with my whip."

"If you do" —

"Why, it can't hurt her, Luce!"

"It hurts my feelings."

"You both hurt my feelings," said Mrs. Murray.

"I have two little children, very dear to me, and I have just heard them called *Gib* and *Luce*. I feel very much hurt."

"I will not say Gib, if you will just look and see if my road is not better than Gilbert's. See, when it comes to the rug, I shall call that a bridge, and, here, under your work-table is my Boston; this cologne bottle is my meeting-house, is it not a beauty, steeple and all! This basket is the market, where Zillah can sell her butter to the marketman. And I was going to put the spoolstand in the middle, for a state-house, but then Gilbert said he would not have my road."

"If mother says it is the best, I will. Now look, mother, see the wheels run on the red stripe, just wide

enough. If I want room to turn out, I can go on the green grass, you know. But there is not any other wagon going into Boston to-day, and here is *my* Boston, under the sofa; *her* Boston is too little, a great deal. I have room for a great many meeting-houses. I shall set up all my ninepins for steeples, and put two rows of blocks for streets."

"Ridiculous!"

"'Dic'lous yourself!"

"Yes, both very ridiculous," remarked Mrs. Murray. "What nonsense! Ninepins and cologne bottles for churches! A market full of tape and thread and buttons! Why, there will be a famine in the city. And as for the blocks of buildings——"

"Now, mother! you know it is all in play! You must not laugh."

"In play? I thought you were in *earnest*. I could not think you would be so vexed and out of humor in play. I am glad to hear you are not in earnest. Now I shall go to writing again. Do not let me hear another cross tone, even in play. I had rather you would give me a box on the ear in play, and you certainly would not wish to do that, even in sport."

For a few minutes, all was still. Lucy turned her back to Gilbert, and taking Zillah in her arms, rocked to and fro till she was tired. Gilbert drew his wagon up and down the room on the red stripe, but there was no fun in it. Pretty soon they began to whisper.

"Girls are always cross."

"Boys always will have their own way."

"I don't love you now."

"Then you are wicked."

"No, I am not. *You* are,"

"I am not, for I did not say I would not love you. Did I?"

"No. You only behave it. I know you don't love me, you look so."

By this time their voices had risen above a whisper, and Mrs. Murray's eyes were turned upon pouting lips and nipped brows again. She saw there was no desire to agree, but a great desire to quarrel, or to triumph; so she told them to take opposite sides of the room, and play alone.

"Take Zillah, and everything that belongs to you, Lucy; take your horse and wagon, and everything that is your own, Gilbert. What toys you own together, put away in the closet. Now I forbid you to cross the middle stripe of the carpet, either of you, for one hour."

"The red is the middle stripe."

"No, she looked at the green one."

"The red one may be your limit, Gilbert; the green one may bound your territory, Lucy. Only keep apart, since you are selfish children, not wishing to make each other happy. Now I hope I shall not be disturbed any more." And Mrs. Murray took up her pen and tried to collect her thoughts and read over her last page. The poor lady found she had left out a word in one line, and written one over twice in another; had said *cattle* instead of *castle*, and *house* for *horse*, and had entirely forgotten the end of a sentence she had begun to write. She sighed and looked uncomfortable and low spirited. "Is there so much jarring and disputing among other people's children?" thought she. "Can I teach them how to live in harmony, as my sisters and I did when we were young together?"

Gilbert and Lucy sat each at the edge of the dividing line, making faces at each other. They had tried playing alone. It was dull work. Presently, they began to laugh at each other's grimaces. At first it was only a little, unwilling, *snickering* laugh. But even that was enough to put the sulks out of countenance. They were soon in a broad roar, and Gilbert tumbled and kicked, and Lucy shouted and clapped her hands at all his antics very amiably.

"I will tell you how we might have agreed, if we had only thought of it," said Lucy, when Gilbert was out of breath, and had laid down close to his boundary to rest.

"O, I know, I guess."

"No, you never would think of it."

"Yes, I should, I know, as soon as you would."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"One wheel on the red stripe and one on the green."

"Ha, ha! I never should have thought of that, Gilbert. I only thought that we might have Boston under the sofa, and have Salem under the work-table. I would be uncle Murray, and live there, and you could be the Mayor, and live at the sofa. We would go to Boston on your stripe, and to Salem on mine."

"O yes; that is a better way than mine, I think. Come, let us play; I will call round and take in Zillah."

"But we can't."

"Is it not an hour by this time?"

"No, indeed."

"Ask mother to let us play together now. I'll agree; won't you?"

"Yes, dear Gilbert, I love you. — See if we can reach to kiss across the stripes."

"I almost fell down, and did not kiss you, after all."

"Zillah can go to you, if I can't. Here, you may have her, and I will look on."

"I am going to ask mother if you may not come too."

"She said we must stay apart an hour. She cannot unsay that, you know."

"She only meant if we were cross. See how good natured I look!" And Gilbert grinned with all his might, showing all his little white teeth.

"I wish mother *would* look round. But see how busy she is! I would not speak to her, if I were you, Gilbert. You can take Zillah. She is holding out her hand to you. Good bye, ma'am. You are to go to Boston with Mr. Gilbert Murray. Mind you do not pitch out of the cart again, Miss."

"Ah, how do you do, Zillah Murray. Pretty well, Zillah Murray? Put your foot there. Now there. Jump! You're in. Now I shall give old Grey a good cut."

"No, don't whip the horse."

"It can't hurt wood."

"But I feel as if it did."

"Then I won't whip, only scare him. Get along! yah, rat!"

"If I could come and keep Zillah steady, you could go as fast again."

"Yes. I want you *dreadfully*."

"We shall not quarrel again very soon?"

"No; not ever."

"I am sure there was no need of it."

"No ; none in the world. I like any road, no matter what."

"Yes. Pooh ! what matter is it ? I hardly know which stripe it was I wanted."

"I do, but I do not care about it at all. O dear ! What a great long time an hour is !"

"Yes. I am very much tired of this side of the room." Lucy sighed. Gilbert echoed her sigh, and left Zillah to get along as she could, which was not at all, of course. He went and stood at the window, looking out into the street. Lucy followed his example. One window looked into the street, and the other into a court.

"O, here is a runaway pig, with some men and boys after him," exclaimed Lucy. Gilbert was half way to her window, before he thought of the limits. He stopped with his foot upon the red stripe, and looked ready to cry.

"Since you cannot look out, I will not either," said Lucy. "I wish we could both see, for it makes me laugh to see such a great pig run, with his ears flapping up and down, and his little short legs and cunning feet going so fast. Hark ! I hear music."

"In the street, is it ? O here is the old harper under my window. I wish you could come, Lucy."

"O dear ! I have some cents saved for him."

"Too bad, I declare. Well, I will not look out, because he will wonder where you are."

"And I do not want him to know I am being punished."

"If he did, I should tell him I was punished too."

"We will always agree, before we quarrel, after this."

"Yes. We always can, if we have a mind to. We can find ways enough."

Mrs. Murray looked round and smiled.

"O, mother, dear mother, is it an hour?"

"No, it is not more than half an hour yet. But I have done writing for the present, and I will try to make the time seem a little less tedious by telling a story, since you think you shall try to agree in future."

"O, thank, you, dear good mother. Sit here between us, and we shall not feel so far apart. There, let Gilbert have one hand, and me the other."

"All ready. Stop, turn Zillah round. There, she is listening."

"There came to my door one day a pretty looking girl, with a shawl put over her head, and no shoes on her feet."

"O, it was Rosanna O'Shaughnessy. She has told me many a time that she came here with no bonnet, and no shoes."

"She had just come ashore, after a long voyage."

"Yes, from Ireland."

"She told me her story, and I said she might stay in my kitchen till she could get a place."

"Yes, and here she is now. Well, what then?"

"I soon found she was so ignorant, that she could do nobody's work without teaching. She did not even know the names of things, nor how to tell what o'clock it was."

"Why, I can almost tell, myself!"

"I said to myself, somebody must teach the poor thing, and if I send her away, perhaps she will not fall into kind hands. If I have not patience to teach her, who will?"

"O, I am so glad you kept Rosy."

"So am I."

"Did you give her a bonnet?"

"Yes. She always looks neat and clean now, you see. I raised her wages as fast as she learned to do my work well, and now she has the cook's place. A year ago, she sent home some money to her mother, and offered to pay her sister's passage in a vessel, if she wished to come over. She had heard they were almost starving. Well, the sister came, — as pretty a girl as Rosy, — and there was such a joyful meeting; such hugging and kissing, and tears of joy!"

"Yes, I heard about it. We were at Grandpapa's, you know."

"Three days after, I heard a loud scream in the kitchen. Down I ran. Rosy and Biddy were having a fight. Biddy had pulled out a handful of Rosy's hair, and Rosy had taken her by the throat. What a dreadful sight! I trembled so much I was obliged to sit down, and thought I should faint. Seeing me, they parted and looked ashamed. What purple, angry looking faces I saw! I should not have known either of them, they looked so ugly. 'O, Rosy! I am ashamed and grieved,' said I; 'I cannot have you and Biddy in my kitchen any more.'"

"I should think *Biddy* would be ashamed, when poor Rosy had worked so hard to send her money."

"I asked Biddy how she could treat Rosy so? Now what do you think she said?"

"I don't know; do you, Luey?"

"No, I can't guess. Perhaps she said Rosy begun it."

"No. She said — now look me in the face, both of

you — they loved each other dearly, but they never could live together, because they had not *learned* to agree when they were little. They had quarrelled through all their youth, and now they could not be happy together, even in a strange land, and far from every other friend."

"O dear! What a pity!"

"And would you have kept Biddy here, mother?"

"Till Rosy had taught her to work, at least, But I was obliged to send her away, after a few days longer trial. There was no peace in the kitchen, and I was made very unhappy. I was very unhappy, too, this afternoon."

"We are both very sorry," cried Lucy.

"Both of us," echoed Gilbert.

"How dreadful it would be, if we should have to be separated *always*, like Rosy and Biddy!" "I hope we shall not be parted again, for *one hour*," said both of the children, "nor one minute. We will learn to agree; we will not quarrel."

"The hour is over at last."

Gilbert ran to put his arms round Lucy's neck, and to kiss her a dozen times. Lucy embraced him in return, and, hand in hand, away they ran to see the old harper, who was still playing at the head of the street."

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"NEVER may he be old, answered Palladius, that doth not reverence that age, whose heaviness, if it waye downe the fraile and fleshly balance, it as much lifts up the noble and spirituall parte." — *Sidney's Arcadia*.

## AN ALPINE BABE.

A PEASANT, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was depasturing his flock on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age; the second was five years old, and dumb; and the youngest was an infant. It so happened, that the infant was left one morning in the charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the little babe. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavor to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged to his heart. This, however, was of some slight comfort to the poor woman; for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings came of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy

clung to his father, with shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey, and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at the riddance of an object of which he was jealous.

On the morning on which the accident happened, an Alpine yager,

“ Whose joy was in the wilderness—to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top.”

had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to her nest. The yager, waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, beheld the eagle slowly winging her way toward the rock, behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child than to leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterward, the gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.

[Anecdotes, Lessons, etc.]

## TOO BUSY.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

‘MOTHER! mother!’ cried my little Willy, bursting in upon me, as I sat busily at work, ‘I’ve lost my arrow in the grass, and can’t find it.’

He was just ready to burst into tears from grief at his mishap. ‘I’m sorry, dear,’ I said calmly, as I went on with my work.

‘Won’t you go and find it for me, mother?’ he asked, with a quivering lip, as he laid hold of my arm.

‘I’m too busy, dear,’ I replied, gently shaking him off. ‘Go and tell Jane to find it for you.’

‘Jane can’t find it,’ said the little fellow, in a choking voice.

‘Tell her to go and look again.’

‘She has looked all over, and can’t find it. Won’t you come, mother, and find it for me?’

The tears were now rolling over his face. But I was too busy to attend to Willy. I was embroidering the edge of a little linen sack that I was making for him, and that, for the moment, seemed of more importance than the happiness of my child.

‘No—no,’ I replied. ‘I’m too busy to go down stairs. You must take better care of your arrows. Go and ask Ellen to find it for you.’

‘Ellen says she won’t look for it.’ Willy was now crying outright.

‘There! there! Don’t be so foolish as to cry at the loss of such a little thing as an arrow,’ said I, in a reproving voice. ‘I’m ashamed of you!’

‘Won’t you go and find it for me, mother?’ he urged, still crying.

‘No, indeed, Willy, I’m too busy now. Go and look for it again yourself.’

‘But I can’t find it. I have looked.’

‘Then go and look again,’ said I firmly.

Willy went crying down stairs, and I heard him crying about the yard for some ten minutes, until my patience began to give out.

‘Such a to-do about an arrow! I wish I had never bought him the bow-arrow!’ said I, moving uneasily in my chair.

‘Ellen, won’t you make me another arrow? Here is a stick,’ I heard him ask of the cook, in a pleading voice. But Ellen replied rudely—

‘No, indeed, I shall not! I’ve got something else to do besides making arrows.’

The child’s crying was renewed. I felt vexed at Ellen. ‘She might have made him the arrow,’ I said. ‘If I wasn’t so busy, I would go down and make him one myself. But I must get this sack done.’

And I sewed away more rapidly than before. The cry went on. Willy had lost his arrow, and his heart was almost broken.—Unfortunately I was not in a mood to sympathise with him. An arrow, to me, was a very little thing, and it worried me to hear him crying as if his heart would break over a loss so trifling as that of an arrow.

‘Willy!’ I at length said, calling out of the window, ‘you must stop that crying.’

‘I can’t find my arrow, and nobody will make me another,’ replied the little fellow.

‘That’s nothing to make such a disturbance about!’ I

returned. 'Go and find something else and play with.'  
'I want my arrow. Won't you come and find it for me, mother?'

'No, not now. I'm too busy.'

The crying went on again as loudly as before, and I soon lost all my patience. Laying aside my work, I went to the head of the stairway, and called down—

'Come now, sir! There's been enough of this crying, and you must stop it.'

'I can't find my arrow,' returned Willy.

'Well, suppose you can't; will crying bring it? You should take better care of your things. Little boys must look the way they shoot.'

'I did look, but I can't find it.'

'Go and look again, then.'

'I have looked, and it ain't there.'

And then the crying went on again. To Willy the loss of his arrow was a real grief, and he was too young to have fortitude to bear his trouble patiently. But I was not in a state of mind to feel with him.

'Stop that crying, instantly,' said I, as the worrying sound came again upon my ears. 'I won't have such a noise in the house.'

But my words had no effect: they did not produce the arrow, as Willy cried on.

Unable longer to endure the sound, and also thinking it wrong to let him indulge the habit of crying, I laid my work aside, and going down stairs, took hold of him resolutely, saying as I did so—

'Now stop this, instantly!'

The child looked up at me with a most distressed countenance, while the tears covered his face.

‘I can’t find my arrow,’ said he, with quivering lip.

‘I’m sorry—but crying won’t find it.—Come up stairs with me. Willy ascended to my room.

‘Now don’t let me hear one word more of this. The next time you get an arrow take better care of it.’

There was no sympathy in my tones; for I felt none. I did not think of his loss, but of the evil and annoyance of crying. The little fellow stifled his grief, or rather the utterance of it, as best he could, and throwing himself at full length upon the floor, sighed and sobbed for some ten minutes. A sigh, longer and more fluttering than usual, aroused my attention, and I then became aware that he had fallen asleep.

How instantly do our feelings change toward a child when we find that it is asleep. If we have been angry or offended, we are no longer so. Tenderness comes in the place of sterner emotions. I laid aside my work, and taking Willy in my arms, lifted him from the floor, and laid him upon my bed.—Another long, fluttering sigh agitated his bosom as his head touched the pillow. How reprovingly came the sound upon my ears! How sadly did it echo and re-echo in my heart!

‘Poor child!’ I murmured. ‘To him the loss of an arrow was a great thing. It has disturbed him to the very centre of his little being. I wish, now that I had put by my work for a few minutes until I could have found his arrow, or made him a new one. I should have lost no more time in doing so than I have already lost. And, after all, what is a little time taken from my work to the happiness of my child? Ah me! I wish I could learn to think right at the right time. Dear little fellow! He was so happy with his bow and arrow. But all was destroyed by the untimely loss which I could have restored

in a few moments. Unfeeling—unnatural mother! Is this the way you show your love for your child?’

I stood for nearly five minutes over my sleeping boy. When I turned away, I did not resume my sewing, for I had no heart to work upon the little garment. I went down into the yard, and the first object that met my eye was the lost arrow, partly concealed behind a rose bush, where it had fallen.

‘So easily found!’ said I. ‘How much would a minute given at the right time have saved? Ah me! We learn too late, and repent when repentance is of little avail.’

I took the arrow and laid it with the bow which I found carelessly thrown away, upon the bed beside my sleeping boy, that he might see them as soon as he awoke.

It was an hour before the deep sleep, into which my Willy had fallen, was broken. I had, in the meantime, resumed my sewing, after having lost fully half an hour in consequence of being unwilling to lose a few minutes for the sake of attending to my child, and relieving him from the trouble that had come upon him. The first notice I received of his being awake, was his gratified exclamation at finding his lost arrow beside him. All his past grief was forgotten. In a few minutes he was down in the yard, shooting his arrow again, and as happy as before.—No trace of his recent grief remained.

But I could not forget it. With me the circumstance was not as the morning cloud and the early dew. The sunshine that came afterward did not dissipate instantly the one, nor drink up the other. I was sober for many hours afterwards; for the consciousness of having done wrong, as well as of having been the occasion of grief to my child, lay with a heavy pressure upon my feelings.—*Ladies’ Wreath.*

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. 12.

MAY, 1849.

NO. 2.

FRANK AND HARRY.

THE OLD GARRET.

[Concluded from last No.]

THE good curate, faithful to his promise, took me to the hair-dressers in London, according to the direction in the advertisement. Before he opened the paper which contained me, he told him the story of Alice, of her trials and of her excellent character and conduct, of her present need, and of her purpose to support and educate her children by her own efforts. He told him that there never was such a beautiful head of hair and that he hoped he would be willing to give something handsome for it.

One thing that Alice did I forgot to relate. After she had arranged me nicely as possible, ready to be tied up, she took from her drawer a piece of blue ribbon, the only piece she had left, and tied it round me in as pretty a manner as she could, saying as she did so, "This is the way he liked to see my hair tied when

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